

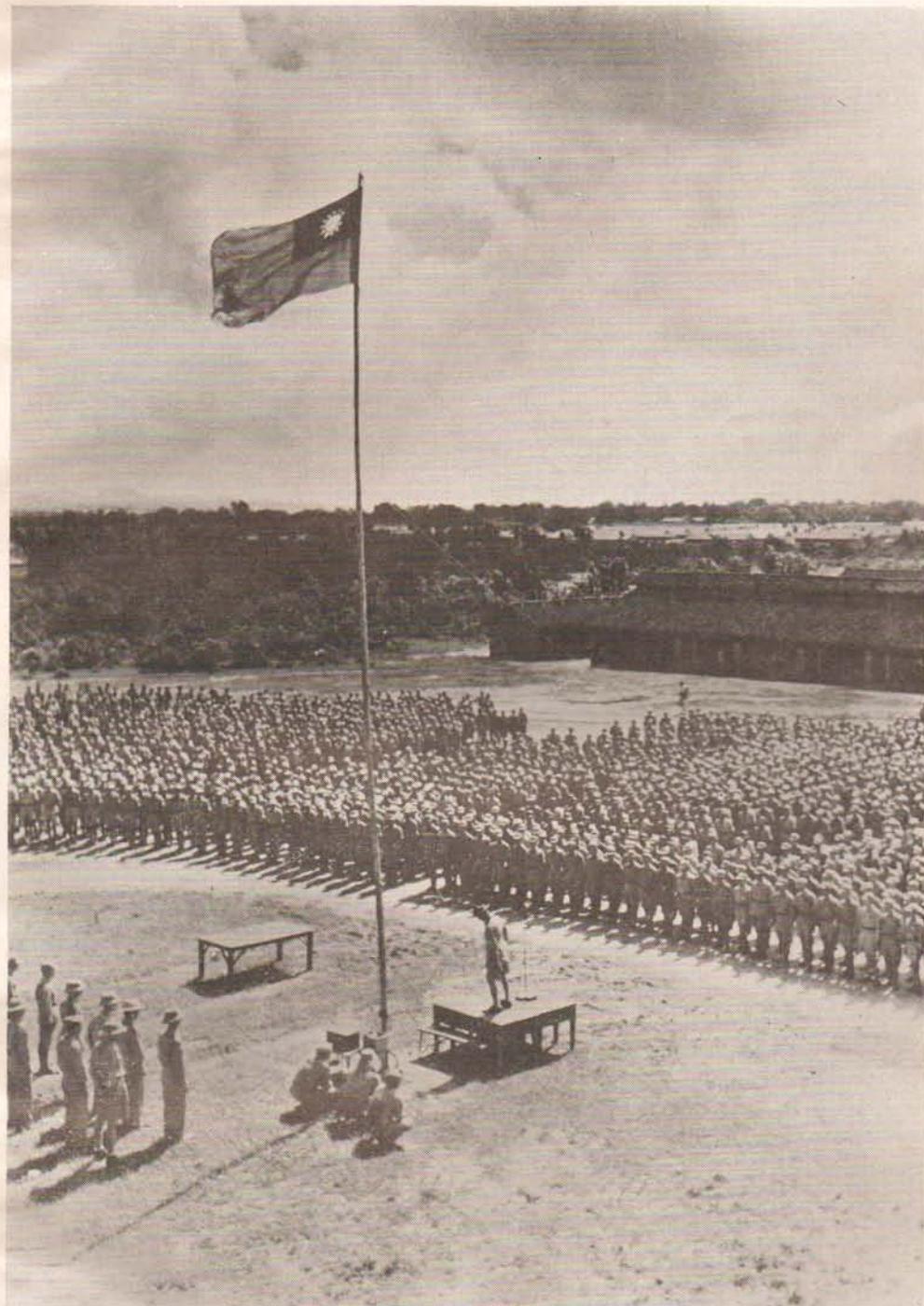


Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

JULY
1961





LT. GEN. JOSEPH STILWELL leaving platform after making a speech to the 38th Chinese Army at Camp Ramgarh, India, where the Chinese were learning the use of U. S. modern weapons in 1942. U. S. Army photograph.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

Vol. 15, No. 7

July, 1961

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

• From Taipei in Formosa comes news that you can buy an "exotic Oriental ricksha" for as little as \$75 (U.S.) plus transportation. But these are not the old-fashioned rickshas we knew, pulled by perspiring men on foot—they are modern, balloon-tired tricycle pedicabs, easily pedaled as fast as 10 miles an hour. Times have changed since we were in CBI—the rickshas we knew gave way to pedicabs, and now the transition is to modern taxicabs. This is truly the jet age!

• This month's cover shows Pvt. John Elder of Duluth, Minn., a member of the 124th Cavalry Regiment, attempting conversation with a couple Chinese women, mountain dwellers in Burma. This is another U.S. Signal Corps Photo from John O. Aalberg.

• Several readers have inquired about the availability of embroidered CBI patches, like we wore on our uniforms, but we've been unable to locate any stores still offering them for sale. We've had a small supply made up, however, to accommodate any CBIers who would like to have one or two . . . these are now available at 75 cents each.

• "Summer vacation" time for Roundup is here again. This is your last issue until October . . . no issues are published for either August or September. We hope you'll keep right on sending us material for publication.

• In the meantime, we hope to see you at the 14th annual CBI Reunion in San Francisco August 9 to 12!

JULY, 1961



First Reunion

• Have waited a long time for CBI Reunion on west coast. Will surely make this one . . . it will be my first. My wife is enthused about it, also, as the old gang must have a wonderful time. I was with the 6th Base Post Office at Karachi, then up to Dinjan, Assam.

NORMAN LINNELL,
McGill, Nev.

Fr. Norman Johnson

• Understand Fr. Norman Johnson, C.S.C., chaplain to the 12th Combat Cargo at the end of war in Myitkyina, passed away recently. The good padre was shocked when he joined our outfit, the 332nd Airdrome Squadron; we hadn't seen a chaplain in a long, long time. Sailed from Shanghai December 1945 on the Tucson Victory. Certainly enjoy your magazine.

JOHN CANNON,
Bronx, N. Y.



COOLIE on airfield in China. The bamboo trays were for carrying rock used in runway construction. Photo by Eugene L. Parker.



TEAMSTERS with camel power in Karachi. Photo by Louis W. Gwin.

Subject of India

• Several weeks ago while attending the North Carolina State Fire School in Charlotte I had something happen to me that was most unexpected. It was a pleasant incident and I hope that I will experience more of the same. I was eating at noon one day at a table with five other firemen. Two of them I had known for several years; the other three I did not know. Just as I was about to take a mouthful of food I heard one of the fellows I knew mention something about India. I almost choked when I heard that name. As soon as I could get the food down I asked him what part of India he was in. Well, that started it, because two more joined in and said they were all in India. I was in Chakulia

and they were all in the 20th Air Force stationed close around. The rest of the week during a break or at mealtime we talked about things of the past and before one could get through telling his story the next one would start in with his. This was one session of the North Carolina State Fire School that

I really enjoyed attending. The three ex-sahibs were Luther M. Yates, 468th Bomb Group, 798th Squadron; John A. McGlohon, 3rd Photo Recon.; and Howard Hand, 86th Air Service Group.

JOHN A. FISHER,
Concord, N. C.

Has New Command

• Brig. Gen. Pinkham Smith, a CBI veteran, has been placed in command of the 819th Air Division, part of the 15th Air Force. Headquarters of the 819th is at Dyess AFB, Texas. A command pilot, General Smith has been chief of staff of the 15th Air Force and base commander at March AFB, Calif. During World War II he flew 140 hours of combat as a fighter pilot in the China-Burma-India theater and was assistant chief of tactical operations of the 20th Bomber Command.

HOWARD D. SCOTT Jr.,
Salina, Kans.



MEN of the 700th M. P. Company at Celebration Point, near U. S. Army border guard station. Photo by John J. Gussak.

**CONVENTION BOUND
CBIers**

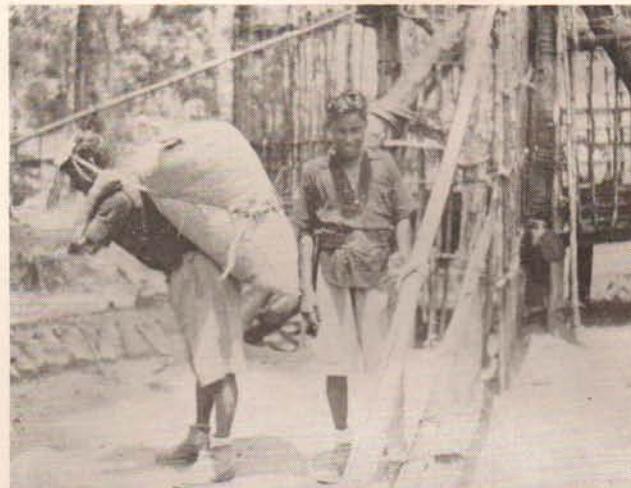
If you have to stop in Salt Lake for gas, rest and food, you'll find the latter at my place not far from downtown and Highway 40.

Consistently good food and a CBI smile. Open 6 a.m. to 4 p.m.; closed on Sundays.

ERNEST MORF
Alpine Cafe
1860 South Main
Salt Lake City 15, Utah

Here We Come!

Well it looks like the Houston Basha will be well represented again at the 1961 Annual Reunion. At this moment we have a total of 27 ready to shove off. Highlight of the trip will be a modern-day wagon train, "The Texan," with five cars pulling five Nimrod sleeper trailers. The train will be camping out along the way and a big stop will be made at Las Vegas Monday night before the convention. The train will be under the direction of Head Scout L. S. Hackney and Wagon Master Doug "Digger" Runk. In charge of the Chuck Wagon will be Mack Stansberry and R. C. Jones. We have been planning this since Cedar Rapids, and we are all looking forward to a real fun-trip. Covering the train from the air will be our National Commander, Manly Keith and wife, along with the Robert Nesmiths. They will land in Las Vegas Monday to help bail out the Wagon Train. Coming in on the Jet will



BURMA resident weighing about 115 pounds carries a sack of rice weighing nearly as much. Picture taken near a bridge along the Ledo Road. Photo by C. C. Carter.

be Melvin Daniels. His cute Whipple drive, Bellaire, little red-headed wife is Texas, and maybe we can riding the Wagon Train. have a CBI pre-reunion Tell any of our good CBI party there Monday the 7th. friends and families who See you all in San Fran- plan on driving and plan cisco. on a stop at Las Vegas, to

130

JOE McSTAY,
Bellaire, Tex.



SHIPS ON THE C.B.I. RUN . . . No. 8 in a Series

The President Coolidge, with 4,000 U. S. Army troops aboard, became a war casualty off Espiritu Santo, New Hebrides, in the South Pacific. Due to the expert seamanship and the high morale of the troops, all hands were saved except one crew member and one soldier, who were reported missing. Photo submitted by Ray Kirkpatrick.

It's the First Reunion on West Coast

San Francisco Awaits CBIers

San Francisco's many attractions are expected to draw a record crowd for the 14th annual reunion of CBI veterans and their families.

The 1961 event is set for August 9-12 at the Sheraton Palace Hotel in the Golden Gate City, with members of the Gen. Geo. W. Sliney Basha, CBIV, as hosts. Since this is the first reunion on the west coast, many CBIers will be attending for the first time.

Hotel reservations may be made by writing CBIV Reunion, Sheraton Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Calif.

As announced in Ex-CBI Roundup's June issue, a pre-reunion feature will be CBI Day at Candlestick Park starting at 12:30 p.m. Wednesday, August 9. This feature will not be included in the registration fee.

At the national executive board meeting May 13, 1961, the following program was approved by the board for the 1961 reunion:

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 9

Official opening event—Reception and cocktail party in the Concert Room at Sheraton-Palace at 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 10

Opening business session 9:30 to 11:30 a.m. in Concert Room. Lunch on your own with afternoon free to visit Fisherman's Wharf, Cable Cars, etc., and brouse through Chinatown. Deluxe Chinese dinner and evening at the Four Seas 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. Brouse back through Chinatown to Sheraton-Palace Hotel. Hospitality rooms opening at the hotel following the Chinatown evening.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 11

Business session in the morning in Concert Room. Starting at 1 p.m. there will be a 2½-hour tour of San Francisco. Memorial service will be included as part of this tour. Tentative site of service is the new Battle Commission Monument at Fort Scott. Tentative time of service, 2 p.m. Puja Night parade at 7 p.m. Puja Night Party-Dance in the Gold Room of Sheraton-Palace, 9 p.m. to midnight, followed by hospitality rooms.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12

Final business session 9 a.m. to noon. Past Commanders' Luncheon at 1 p.m. Afternoon free time, on your own. Commanders' Banquet in Garden Court, Sheraton-Palace Hotel, starting at 7 p.m.



GRANT AVENUE in Chinatown, San Francisco, typifies its narrow streets, pagoda roofs and ornate balconies.

Awards presentations, installation of new national officers. Dancing from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m., when reunion officially closes.

Reservations should be made early to be sure of getting rooms in the reunion hotel.

Members of the reunion committee point out, to those not acquainted with San Francisco, that the average temperature range in August is from 60 to 72 degrees. For those coming from the sweltering parts of the country, they say, a wardrobe of clothing suitable to these cooler temperatures will find good and comfortable use.

Easterners and midwesterners are being urged to plan their vacations to include the reunion. For those CBIers and their families from the western part of the country, this is an excellent opportunity to join in the fun.

Last year's reunion was at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and the 1962 event will be at Buffalo, N. Y. Site of the 1963 reunion will be chosen in one of the San Francisco business sessions.

LeMay Heads U.S. Air Force

General Curtis E. LeMay, who directed B-29 activities in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II, is the new U.S. Air Force Chief of Staff. He was scheduled to take up his duties July 1.

There is an often-repeated story about General LeMay—it may not be true but it is typical, because LeMay has the reputation of being a gruff and dominating commander.

The story concerns two enlisted men who saw LeMay standing in the doorway of a taxiing plane and smoking a cigar.

"Look at that," said one airman. "That plane might catch fire."

"It wouldn't dare," said the other airman.

Stocky, black-browed LeMay has been Air Force Vice Chief of Staff since July 1957. Before that, for 10 years he headed the Strategic Air Command, which includes America's long-range jet bombers and intercontinental missiles.

He gained much of his reputation for toughness as he built up SAC into the powerful deterrent weapon it is today.

LeMay is not a West Pointer. He entered the military service as an Army cadet

in 1928, after attending Ohio State University at Columbus, where he was born Nov. 15, 1906. He is one of the nation's most seasoned pilots.

Setting air records is a LeMay hobby. Back in 1945, after World War II ended, he made a record non-stop flight as pilot of a B-29 Superfortress from Hokkaido, Japan, to Chicago. In 1957 he piloted a KC-135 jet tanker on a non-stop record flight from Westover Air Force Base, Mass., to Buenos Aires. On the return trip he flew non-stop to Washington.

Curtis LeMay has been a general for 18 years, winning his first star in September 1943 after leading the first B-17 raid over Regensburg, Germany.

In August 1944 he was a major general assigned to the China-Burma-India theater. There he initiated low-level, nighttime incendiary attacks on Japanese industrial centers.

His first attack on Tokyo, in March 1945, ravaged 10 square miles in the industrial heart of the city. That August, as Chief of Staff of the United States Strategic Air Forces, he took a major part in planning the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

In 1947 General LeMay was assigned to command the United States Air Force in Europe. He directed the Berlin airlift from June 26 to September 30, 1948, occasionally flying a transport to help break the Soviet blockade.

His next assignment was as Commanding General of the Strategic Air Command.

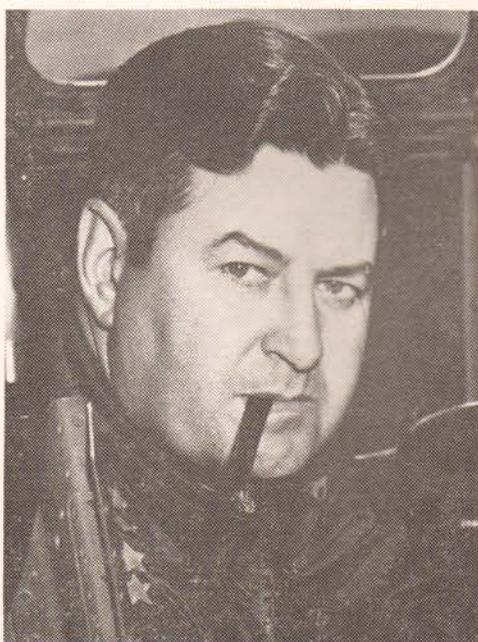
LeMay's advent as Chief of Staff may be a boost for the 2,000-mile-an-hour B-70 bomber. He is an exponent of the B-70 and a believer in the concept of a mixed bomber-missile force as a main deterrent to the enemy.

Holder of an engineering degree, LeMay participates in car racing and is a ham radio operator. He also is an expert in judo.

A "trademark" for LeMay is the ever-present cigar. He uses eight to 10 cigars a day, smoking about half of them and chewing the rest.

General and Mrs. LeMay have one daughter, Patricia Jane, 22.

Around Offutt Air Force Base near Omaha, Nebr., where he spent ten years as SAC's Commanding General, you'll find both likes and dislikes for LeMay. But there is no argument about his ability; and there is general agreement that he will do an excellent job as Chief of Staff of the U. S. Air Force.



GENERAL CURTIS E. LE MAY

I Remember John Birch

From the Army-Navy-Air Force Register

By COL. JOHN M. VIRDEN (USAF-Ret.)

Much has been written about the Birch Society, an extreme rightwing organization which has branded as pro-communist such outstanding Americans as former presidents Eisenhower and Truman. But there has been little information on Capt. John Birch, the man for whom the organization was named. Here is an illuminating description of Birch by a man who fought with him in the CBI.

Capt. John M. Birch, an intelligence officer for the famed 14th Air Force, was only 27 years old when he was killed. He was not well known during his life-time.

The very nature of his military profession made it necessary that he stay out of the limelight. Now, by the strange irony of fate, Capt. John Birch's name has become a household, almost a universal, word by reason of the fact that a retired candy-maker has organized the John Birch Society.

From what I knew of Capt. John Birch during the war out in China he would have been utterly flabbergasted with the liberties that are now being taken with his name.

The China-Burma-India Theater was indeed replete with characters and contained not a few odd-balls.

Dedicated. Capt. John M. Birch had a good deal of both in him. But he was one of the most dedicated soldiers I have even known.

In the first place he was a Baptist missionary who had been commissioned into the Army Air Corps, because he could speak the Chinese language and knew the geography and the customs of that mysterious country better than any of us newcomers possibly could.

Captain Birch was a deeply religious man who had been thrown in with a crew of hard-drinkers and poker-players who had formed up General "Pop" Chennault's "Flying Tigers" which in turn developed into the China Air Task Force and then became the world-famous 14th Air Force.

Loners. John Birch was a loner in a gregarious crowd. He never drank anything stronger than rice paddy water. He did not play poker. He never smoked, and he read the Holy Bible by the hour. His face was that of a dedicated zealot with those cold hard eyes of a Stonewall Jackson. But he was a good officer, one

of the very best. The men who served under him swore by him.

For John Birch looked out for his men as few could. He usually operated deep inside the Japanese territory in China. . . . "lines" is not a proper word, for the Nips did not really maintain lines, they moved along the railroads and the highways, such highways as there are in China, and left behind them great chunks of territory completely unmolested.

Collected information. In these areas John Birch and his men built airstrips and collected such information as they could. And that was considerable. In all the war in China no Japanese air strike ever hit an American or Chinese base without advance warning. That was the work of John Birch.

When the Japs took off the radio crackled and there was John telling us they were on the way. When they arrived we were ready for them. Where he got his information, or how he got it was none of my business.

Early in the grim winter of 1944 Captain Birch was flown down to our base at Chiekiang, Honan Province, China. He had been operating out of a scorpion-infested hole called Sian. He had a belly full of worms and some other stomach disorder which for lack of a better name was called "The China Grut." Neither of these internal disorders was exactly rare among those who lived on fried rice and boiled radishes in that fantastic war.

The flight surgeon of the 5th Fighter "Bloody Hatchet" Group, a wild Irishman from Washington, D. C., who answered to the name of "Bitsy" Kelly, treated Birch for a few days at the Chiekiang fighter base before passing him on to the 14th Air Force Hospital at Kunming, 800 miles to the rear.

Weeks later Birch came back to our base in much better health. He stuck around for about 10 days.

Decorated. During his stay in the Kunming hospital Birch had been decorated by General "Pop" Chennault with the Legion of Merit for his work in setting up the aircraft warning net back of the Japanese positions. He had also been transferred over to the OSS. Birch richly deserved the medal. Otherwise he wouldn't have got it, for Pop Chennault was mighty slow about handing out the medals, especially the big ones.

While he was at our fighter base I got to know Captain Birch rather well.

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well-read, and very serious, young man. And he surely knew his Bible. Much of it he had memorized, word for word.

But his views on Communism in theory and the Chinese Communists in particular were, it seemed to me, about the same as held by the rest of us. We all knew that the Chinese Communists were playing footsie with the Japanese enemy and just biding their time until they had the supplies to take over all of China.

Religious. In our long talks I think I learned a good deal about John Birch. He was, obviously, a deeply religious man, almost fanatic on that subject. He disapproved of the almost continuous poker game and the consumption of a very muscular Chinese rice wine known as "Jing Bao Juice." For General Chennault's "Flying Tigers" were never noted for their piety. But except for these straight-laced

Baptist notions Birch was well balanced and reasonable enough.

Birch left our base sometime around Christmas 1944. We heard of him through the Chinese-American warning net. Once he asked that some warm clothing be dropped to him at a nearby mountain pass. That mountain pass was important to us; the Jap Army was just on the other side.

If they could break through there they would have only 22 miles to go before assaulting the airbase. Birch was holding it with a bunch of Chinese irregulars and a handful of American demolition experts. The Nips never got through.

Not until early September, 1945, was it learned that Captain Birch had been killed by a Chinese Communist patrol operating deep inside what was, or was supposed to be, Nationalist Chinese territory. He had been shot and bayoneted 15 times.

—THE END

CBI DATELINE

*News dispatches from recent issues
of The Calcutta Statesman*

AMRITSAR—A speeding smuggler's car ran over a dozen children playing in a field near the Indo-Pakistan border village of Chogawan recently, killing eight of them. The car capsized after running over the children. Indian customs men, who had been chasing the smugglers, recovered nine bags containing cloth, pepper and other items which were apparently being smuggled from India into Pakistan. Three persons were arrested.

NEW DELHI—Indian Railways have created an all-time record in transportation of goods by loading more than 10 million wagons during the last financial year. The total number of wagons was nearly four lakhs more than what had been done in the previous year.

NEW DELHI—Oil India Ltd., which has nearly completed drilling of 100 wells in the Nahorkatiya-Moran area of Upper Assam, expects to attain a production capacity of three million tons of crude oil annually when the two public sector refineries go on steam. Oil India is a joint venture of the Government of India and the Burmah Oil Company.

DACCA—Strong indignation has been voiced in the editorial columns of the local English and vernacular press over a British documentary film on Queen Elizabeth's tour of the continent, shown in London. Resentment is expressed at the title of the film, "A Royal Tour of India," and at the fact that scenes of the Pakistani visit are intermingled with the Queen's visits to prominent Indian cities, thus giving the impression that Pakistan is still a part of India. One newspaper refers to the still-continuing practice of addressing letters to Pakistan as "Pakistan, India."

DARJEELING—A motorable road from Tsuna in South Tibet to Lhasa, about 180 miles long, has been completed by the Chinese with the help of conscripted Tibetan labour, according to a message received here from one of the refugees recently arrived at Bomdi-la in NEFA. The refugee, who escaped from a road construction gang, also reports concentration of Chinese troops in the Tsuna and Tsethang areas where many imposing military barracks have been constructed.

SRINAGAR—A high-altitude 150-square-mile wild life sanctuary is being set up by the Kashmir Government in the rich Rajpiram Forests, 60 miles from Srinagar, in southern Kashmir. The Rajpiram Forests are situated at 6,000 to 13,000 feet above sea level. The sanctuary, which will be one of the highest of its kind in the world, will pay special attention to species of the famous Kashmir stags, musk deer and other animals abounding in the higher reaches of the valley.

This Is India in 1961

A picture of India today, as well as its prospects for the future, is being presented in a series of articles by Denver Post Staff Writer Lee Olson. This is the fourth of his reports.

By LEE OLSON
Denver Post Staff Writer

Agra, India—The elderly American college professor was angry.

"I'm going to speak with brutal frankness, and I'll probably be sent home," he told a group of U. S. journalists visiting the residential compound of an Indian farm college near Agra.

Indian officials with the party turned with surprise as Prof. W. R. Schoonover, formerly of the University of Illinois, continued:

"The government in New Delhi is doing all it can to slow down progress in agriculture, for political reasons. Agriculture produces 50 pct. of India's gross national product, and the government doesn't realize the importance of it.

"The better boys get into professions. The poorest ones come to schools like this."



GINGER is spread out for drying on mats after being dipped in a lime solution for bleaching. The area is in the mountains west of Cochin. Sacks of untreated ginger are in foreground; man with long-handled basket is dipping the ginger. Photo by the author.

The argument—for it quickly became that—boiled down to the Indian government's policy of co-operative farming and limiting the size of farms, with a ceiling of 30 acres.

By reducing big land holdings, as the government is trying to do, it also is reducing the possibility of mechanization: an American-size tractor could scarcely turn around on a tiny Indian "farm"—half of which already are five acres or less.

Meanwhile, if you do introduce mechanization, what happens to the agricultural workers?

"You can't just take all the people off the land and dump them in the cities," an Indian official said (70 pct. of India's 400-million population lives in rural areas.)

Dr. Schoonover said he would get "backward" people off the land, "even if they had to sit on their hands."

Americans find India's agricultural methods difficult to understand, including persons such as Dr. Schoonover, sent by the U. S. Technical Cooperation Mission to help find answers to farm problems.

India grows a great variety of crops. Rice is the main food crop in the South; wheat, millet and maize in the North. Other crops include sugar cane, peanuts, gram (a legume), tobacco, rubber, tea, cotton, cocoanut and spices, plus many others.

There are two crop seasons a year in most areas.

Over many centuries agriculture has become one of the most depressed segments of the economy. Through inheritance, farms have been fragmented so much, millions barely subsist on tiny plots.

Other millions of persons have served as tenants to "zamindars," or landlords, who through speculation and money-lending, have kept these sharecroppers in virtual bondage.

Another 10 million families, including many who have lost their land, work as field laborers when they can find work.

Add to this the fact that the caste system has been hardest to eradicate in rural areas and the problem is even more complex.

The Congress Party administration of Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru sought



VILLAGERS make drying racks for spices on a roadside in the Periyar Lake region of south India. Photo by the author.

relief for agriculture when it took over India in 1947. It has acted with considerable success to stamp out the worst phase of the caste system.

It has also acted against the zamindars by enacting laws saying that tenants who actually have farmed a plot of ground for a length of time may acquire ownership (and there are reports some zamindars have switched tenants periodically to prevent accrual of such rights).

The government also has limited the extent of land ownership. In this it has been fairly successful, breaking up many of the larger land holdings.

"We have gotten rid of the 500-acre landlords," one official said. "We still have a problem with the 100 to 300-acre landlords."

The Government has instituted systems of community development and co-operatives which are subject to wide debate. They undoubtedly have been spread too thin over the vastness of rural India.

Marketing cooperatives have shown much success, government economists say.

"The cotton farmers around Bombay used to be at the mercy of the market," one official said. "They had to sell their crop when they harvested it, and the speculators made most of the money on it."

"Now, through organization, these farmers are able to borrow cooperative funds if they need it. And they can market through the cooperative at the most advantageous time."

But plans also include farming cooperatives, where manpower and equipment

are pooled over large areas, and these show less support.

Dr. Schoonover said of this plan: "Co-operative farming never is successful anywhere. The energetic man won't team up with the indolent man."

Through the development plan a system of disseminating farm technology, somewhat like the American extension service, has been instituted.

More than half the country has been covered by this plan, and the entire country is expected to be covered by 1963.

Actually, the plan is huge. It is not simply limited to agriculture. It seeks, through establishment of development blocks, to overhaul the way of life in rural areas through establishment of new patterns of life, industry, mobilization of manpower and cooperatives.

It has been extended to approximately 200 million Indians. Many feel it should be halted at this point and made to work successfully in the present areas, rather than expanded.

At any rate, a heavy increase in public spending is scheduled in the third plan, beginning in March.

In two phases agriculture has made much progress. The government has set up plants to manufacture chemical fertilizers that are expected to result in greatly increased yields.

Irrigation is the second tangible advancement in agriculture.

At the beginning of the first plan in 1951, water supplies usable for irrigation totaled 76 million acre-feet. The second plan has boosted the supply to 119 million acre-feet, and an additional 41 million acre-feet are scheduled during the third plan.

More than 50 million acres are irrigated. It is estimated that, over many years, this can be raised to 90 million acres.

How is progress overall?

Dr. A. D. Webber of Kansas State University (he used to judge beef cattle at Denver's National Western Stock Show) is on his fourth trip to India for the Ford Foundation, which currently is pushing a \$10-million food program in India.

"Change is slow," said Dr. Webber. "We westerners tend to become impatient. But there are advances that are encouraging."

"India is not ready yet for International Harvester tractors. But possibly there will be a place soon for the two-wheeled tractors which are used in Japan."

"That would be an advance. But nothing is easy."

(Next: Industry)

With the Z-Force in China

By CHARLES H. STEMM

I was part of the original Z-Force team which formed at Shenango, Penn., sometime in June or July of 1943. The outfit was made up of non-coms and officers with the mission to train the Chinese Infantry. We moved to Newport News, Va., in September 1943 and after a few weeks became part of a convoy which formed off the Virginia shore and set out for Oran, North Africa. We were split up on various Liberty ships and became part of a very large convoy of approximately 80 ships or more. The ship I sailed on, along with my buddies, was the Nancy Grey. I'm writing this from memory and would appreciate hearing from others in the convoy or other members of Z-Force as there must be thousands of anecdotes that China hands would be interested in hearing about.

It took us 23 days to reach Oran from Newport News and after a stay of approximately one month at Lion Mountain we embarked at Mers El Kabir, near Oran, on the day before Thanksgiving 1943. Part of our outfit went aboard the British ship Rhona and my group boarded the Banfora. Our ship, HMS Banfora, was a 1914 Belgian luxury liner that had lost all aspects of luxury over the years.

On Thanksgiving day we became part of troopship history by virtue of a large scale aerial attack against our convoy which resulted in the sinking of the Rhona just a few miles off the coast of Algeria. This cut the Z-Force potential in half as part of our outfit was on the Rhona and most of them, we learned later, were fished out of the Mediterranean by small vessels that came out from shore to pick up survivors. We lost quite a few of our men—never knew how many.



THREE DAYS before the field was abandoned to the Japanese, Capt. D. C. Brewer and T/Sgt. C. H. Stemm are shown here in an anti-aircraft installation at Liuchow, China. This was in 1944.

There was a staff sergeant named Sisco who had over ten years service in the regular army whom I leaned on heavily for tips on what to do when the time came. It didn't take long to put his experience to use as three or four days after the sinking of the Rhona we were attacked again off the island of Crete. Sisco led me to the officers' mess and a large pan of meatballs which had been abandoned by all hands because of the raid and we proceeded to eat as many as we could handle. The second attack didn't last too long and passed us by without any serious damage. I still can't figure out whether Sisco had the right formula for a situation such as this. We were well fed as well as thoroughly scared.

We passed through the Suez without event—formed another convoy at Aden, off Arabia and sailed across the Indian ocean for Bombay. We took the narrow gauge railroad from Bombay, across India, to Calcutta. I can remember eating peanuts and bananas on the train on Christmas Eve 1943 standing outside for clearance of the train into Calcutta. We landed at Angus Mills for Christmas Day 1943 at which time I heard that I had become a father on December 12th—the Red Cross brought the news.

Sometime later, and after many false alarms, we took a paddle-wheeler up the Brahmaputra River from Calcutta, stayed overnight at a British encampment, and proceeded to a large "jumping off camp" in Imphal near Dibrugarh. It looked like we might finally get to China.



CHINESE TROOPS resting along the main road to Kunming in 1943.

We flew the Hump in February and landed at Lingling outside Kunming as there was an air raid taking place at Kunming at the same time. A JINGBOW! Our C-47 hit the runway and cracked up in a fire ditch at the end of the field, apparently a complete loss. No injuries, fortunately.

We were shipped off to Hostel No. 1, high in the hills at Kunming, awaiting further orders. We took training here in weapons used by the Chinese Army such as the Bren gun, Maxim machine gun and others. The various military missions from other nations had left China with a hodge podge of weapons which were new to the G.I.

Convoys for motor travel to Kweilin were set up and after several weeks we took off for the large American airfield and Chinese Infantry Training Center at Kweilin. We spent several months at Kweilin until we were forced to evacuate. My outfit was formed into a small team under Col. Harwood Bowman and sent to Liuchow as ground personnel cooperating with General Casey Vincent of 14th Air Force fame. During this campaign we were attached to a Chinese Army, I believe it was the 46th Route Army under General Chang Fah Kwei, a provincial army warlord. Our commanding officer, Colonel Bowman, later became Brigadier General Bowman who took the surrender from the Japanese at Canton.

We were at Liuchow for Pat O'Brien's trip and Jinx Falkenburg who arrived in the midst of Japanese air action and managed to put on shows between jingbows. These stateside people were beginning to look pretty strange to old China hands as most of us, by this time, had become thoroughly indoctrinated. Our outfit handled the 50-calibre machine guns mounted on inverted railroad tracks in revetments around the Liuchow airbase. We had a strange conglomeration of rank on these guns. My gun was manned by Colonel Mallon, a veterinary officer; Capt. D. C. Brewer, adjutant general, and myself a Signal Corps soldier. The Japs flew over us with lights on as they knew the range of our guns and remained out of range for their bombing runs.

We evacuated Liuchow by truck several days before they blew up the field installations and retreated with General Chang Fah Kwei's army to a point near Kweiyang. In the middle of all of this I was ordered to Chungking to work at Theater Headquarters as sergeant major for the adjutant general in General Stilwell's office.

The Headquarters GIs lived in a compound some 1,000 steps at the foot of the

hill that held the Chinese Theater Headquarters. We had a reasonably good existence compared to life at Kweilin and Liuchow. There were Number 1 boys to oversee bed making, shoe shining, etc., and Number 2, 3, 4 to see that the job was done. General Wedemeyer took command about this time. Major General Pat Hurley was there trying to figure out the communist activities in the north and things in general were pretty confused. The war ended with the atom bomb. Some of us went to Shanghai and others, like myself, flew the Hump and waited at Kanchrapara to sail back home on the General Hodges out of Calcutta. We arrived in New York Harbor, Pier 90, in November 1945, two years and two months since leaving Newport News.

It took time to get acquainted with a two-year-old daughter. I'd be happy to hear from the gang—Pete Kurir, Eli Evasovic, Johnnie Barr, Pete Sisco and all the others who made up a darned good outfit.

—THE END



BARRACKS of the Z-Force at the 14th Air Force field at Liuchow.



A PART of the evacuation convoy of the Z-Force, under Col. Harwood Bowman, stops outside Liuchow.

Tall Tale or True?

By HAL BOYLE
Associated Press Writer
(Published in 1947)

This little tale is one you don't have to believe. I don't myself.

But it is a legend among the army transport pilots who used to ferry Chinese troops in the far east. Some fliers insist it is true.

Hauling Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers wasn't a pleasant duty for anybody concerned. The Chinese soldiers were ignorant city coolies or bewildered farm boys—most of them not mad at anybody and more interested in a rice bowl than the war.

The American fliers felt sorry for them. But they didn't like carrying them because they messed up the planes. Many got airsick before the wheels came up.

They also liked to gamble. Many veteran C-47 jockeys swear that the winners on occasion picked up the loser and tossed him out the plane door amid general Chinese laughter. It was a sure way to get out of the army.

And that brings us to our tall story, probably dreamed up by a tired co-pilot bumping "The Hump."

A plane heavily loaded with Chinese soldiers was flying over rugged mountainous terrain. Suddenly the plane developed trouble. The mountains began to get closer. The ship was losing altitude.

"We've got to get rid of some weight fast or we'll crash," the pilot told his crew. "There isn't a place to land."

"There's no freight to chuck out," said a sergeant. "All we're carrying is passengers."

"I know," replied the pilot, "but we're going to ram into a peak in another few minutes if we don't lighten this ship."

"By the way," the sergeant pointed out, "I just checked and there's only one parachute aboard."

The pilot said something unprintable.

"I'll see what I can do," said the sergeant. "Hell, there's no use in everybody getting killed."

He went back into the plane, lined up the Chinese troops before the open door and gestured for them to jump out.

"Hell!" said the sergeant. He buckled on the only parachute—a western device whose function the Chinese had no way of knowing. Then the sergeant took off

his trousers, tied a knot in each leg end and holding the pants by the belt swished them back and forth overhead. They billowed with air as he bent his knees as if to jump.

The Chinese grinned. They got the sergeant's idea. They could float through the air with the greatest of ease if they followed his example. Off came their trousers. They tied the knots and lined up in front of the door.

But still none would go first. No—their ancient courtesy decreed that the American visitor should have the honor of preceding them.

"Hell again!" said the frustrated sergeant. "I knew this would happen."

But the plane was almost scraping the peaks. He had to act.

"Follow me!" he shouted, and holding his pants overhead leaped out. As soon as he disappeared from their sight he pulled the rip-cord of his parachute—his own ticket to safety.

One by one the docile passengers—true to his orders—jumped out after him, each clinging to his knotted pants.

The lightened plane rose and went on. And the passengers? No complaints have been heard from them. At least they got out of the Chinese army. Or so goes the tale as I heard it. —THE END

14th Air Force Plans Convention in Detroit

Fourteenth annual convention of the 14th Air Force Association and Flying Tigers, marking the 20th anniversary of the founding of the American Volunteer Group, is set for August 3, 4 and 5 at the Park Shelton Hotel in Detroit, Mich.

The hotel is located in the midst of Detroit's Cultural Center, which includes the Institute of Arts, Historical Museum, Children's Museum, International Institute and the campus of Wayne State University.

Registration will begin Thursday morning, August 3, and a complete program has been planned running through Saturday night, August 5. There will be tours, dinners, business sessions and entertainment, with a hospitality room open each night at the "Top O' the Park" on the hotel's roof.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

The Story of India's Famous 'Iron Pillar'

By LEE BAKER

In rebuttal to the article, "Ancient Art of Iron Making," in the May 1961 issue, I merely could state that the Iron Pillar is located in Delhi and not near the Bay of Bengal close to Calcutta. Instead, I shall quote various facts concerning this wonder. During my stay at Delhi, I had been impressed by this iron pillar. To be able to put your arms around it backwards means "good luck."

It is the most important Hindu relic of Delhi. Cunningham wrote about it in November 1863 as follows: "The iron pillar of Delhi is one of the most curious monuments of India. Many large works of metal were no doubt made in ancient times, such for instance as the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes and the gigantic statues of the Buddhists, which are described by Hwen Thsang. But all of them were of brass or copper, all of them were hollow, all of them were built of pieces welded together, whereas the Delhi pillar is a solid shaft of mixed metal."

Sir Henry Sharp observes (Delhi 1928, p. 40), "It is only fair to the Hindus to remember that wonderful as is the towering minar above, the Iron Pillar is even most astonishing. It is a forged bar of pure, unrusting iron, nearly twenty-four feet high, and said to weigh six tons, gracefully moulded at the top, and so strong that a cannon fired at (it is said by Ghulam Kadir) did it but little injury. The Hindus were able to do this piece of forging some sixteen centuries ago."

Lt. Col. H. A. Newell remarks in his "Three Days at Delhi," 1926, p. 47, "Not only it is very strange to find so mighty a bar of iron forged at so early a period, it almost savours of magic to discover, that, although the column has been exposed to the storms of seventeen hundred years, not a particle of dust corrodes its smooth surface. The inscription is as sharply defined and as legible as on the day it was first cut." The same inscription is printed with the Roundup article.

There is some dispute if Chandra built it or Maadhav, or Dhav. But it was certainly built in honor of Bhagwaan Vishnu and thus is called the Vishnu Stambh.

Its position, original and present, is another strange mystery. According to tradition, it did not originally stand where it is today. Probably it was removed from the ancient capital, Indraprasth, by Maharaja Anangpall, the founder of the Rajput tribe, and set up in its present position, at his newly



THE IRON PILLAR, with Indians "trying their luck." If one can put his arms around it with his back against the pillar, he will have good luck. Photo by Lee Baker.

founded capital of Delhi in the middle of the eighth century, A. D.

The story, therefore, runs as follows: Maharaja Anangpall was assured by a holy Braham that with the pillar having been firmly driven into the head of Sesh Naag, the Serpent King, his empire would be as permanent as the pillar. The Maharaja, however, was incredulous. Anxious to test a prophecy of such deep importance to his dynasty, he ordered the pillar to be removed, when to his horror, the foot of the pillar, which had pierced the serpent's head, was found wet with blood. All attempts to re-fix the pillar in the former manner failed; the serpent was gone. It stood loose on the ground. The event is remembered by the following verse:

"The pillar is no more tense
As Tomar lost his sense."

His empire, therefore, was not to be permanent and in fact it did not last very long.

However, it now stands within the area of the Kutab Minar. According to custom, it was believed that so long as the pillar should stand, Hindu rule would endure at Delhi. Once the Nadir Shah ordered the pillar to be dug up. As he and his workmen attempted to do so, a great earthquake shook the city. So it still stands today. The Loh Stambh's foundation is as strong as the iron casting.

The American GI in China

From *China Correspondent*, 1944

By Wilkie N. Collins

HE IS UNIQUE in China's history—through all her many centuries. He does not realize this himself, and China hardly realizes it. Yet he is of great significance in Chinese history, he himself, just himself, standing alone, one man, cultured or uncouth, finely representative of the United States, or only averagely representative. Some day soon in China there will have to be a monument to him—one soldier with all his gear standing erect and assertive, friendly but positive.

He means more in China than he does in his own country. At home he is lost in the crowd of his fellows. Here he is outstandingly significant. He is a foreigner, and a Westerner at that. A man of another race and color, of another continent, another hemisphere, fighting for his life, but not against China, with China. Yet he is separate from China, in his own national and racial organization, on his own terms. An alien in full panoply of war, with his own fight, America's fight, against Japan. The Chinese soldier alongside him fights China's fight against Japan. Has it ever happened before? Surely it never has, that China made welcome and doubly welcome alien soldiers from an uttermost part of the earth, playing their own hand, though in association with China as she plays hers. It is a highlight in history, a greatly significant moment, unparalleled.

It gives the American soldier certain unusual rights, freely accorded by China, but puzzling and bothersome, even irritating to many Chinese. His chance of keeping alive is bound up with all the conditions he finds in China. His chance of ever seeing home again hangs on his own generals and his own valor and his own government, but also on the way China is governed and the operations and cooperations of Chinese allies and the nature of Chinese administration. Therefore he feels himself entitled to express criticism much more readily and outspokenly than he would permit himself if he were merely a visitor (tourist or guest) or a conscripted or hired soldier fighting under China's flag in China only for China. He speaks as of right and of necessity, as he would speak at home in praise or depreciation, as he speaks in Britain or in France, sometimes much to

British and French distaste. He "makes no bones about it." He often blunders in comment. He flounders among things he doesn't understand, or, again, he is prompt and clear-cut, incisive, about things he understands only too well. He sometimes praises what Chinese condemn in Chinese life and deprecates something that Chinese cherish. It is his accustomed way, at home or abroad, to be outspoken, ready-spoken. And under certain conditions where his own individual life is involved he regards it as not only his way but his right and his necessity. He finds, in the reverse process, Chinese often accepting traits of his and conduct of his that neither he nor his fellow Americans regard highly, that we deplore as American blemishes rather than acknowledge as American merits, and contrarywise he finds Chinese resenting, sometimes bitterly, tendencies of his that seem right and proper to himself and deeply embedded in the American tradition.

He makes himself voluble partisans of Stilwell or Chennault, with no real point at all, though he won't see that, or he damns Chinese up hill and down dale. An hour later he has locked elbows with Chinese soldiers in unexpected camaraderie with them, or has an arm loose around the neck of a Chinese gendarme, singing:

"We never falter, we never fall,
We sober up on wood alcohol."

or

"We joined the Navy to see the world,
And what did we see?
We saw the sea.
We went to the Atlantic,
And it wasn't romantic,
It drove us frantic,
So we went to the Pacific,
And it was terrific."

And so on, with mixed-up memory and bad harmonization.

He waves his money about, but he won't be gypped, even though he likes to be lavish. He splurges. He laments the narrow choice of souvenirs and is easily buncoed by tenth rate Chinese artistry. He dodges the New Life Centre and steers clear of the Chinese-American Cultural Association. He eats voraciously and still looks around for more. At other stations even more than at Chungking he has become a problem in supply for the Chinese of those areas in spite of the planes that bring the bulk of his supplies from India. The problem of

enough water buffalo to slaughter for him daily and enough eggs and chickens, not to speak of vegetables, has the local authorities in those areas constantly at their wits end. And his daily need to satisfy his appetite seem out of all reason to them. He hears vaguely about the solemn views expressed regarding the exchange rate of United States money and Chinese money, and its military and governmental connotations, but his view of that is purely individualistic and if his own finances seem to him irrational and unjust he finds his way to the black market and forgets the larger national aspects. (His father felt the same way in France in 1917-18, but more or less got satisfaction for it afterwards as the franc went to ridiculous lows in favor of the dollar). In military affairs he assumes the Chinese are doing all they possibly can with what they have, and if somebody argues they are not he feels it is "no hair off his chest" unless he finds himself being let down (as he views it) in some local circumstances. His admiration hovers around Madame Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Sun Yat-sen, but most of his thoughts of femininity centre on the girl at home. He'd like to see all the people around him living better than they do, especially the kids, but there is nothing he can do about it. He thinks many things are not right about them and their affairs, but he can't figure out why, or how to start curing them. He thinks maybe after the war all that will begin to take care of itself. He aches to get home to his own problems.

This is the American soldier at his roughest in conduct and most random in thinking. It is as well to express him in this lowest common denominator, even though possibly such a description does not truly represent the personal qualities of the majority of the American soldiers now in China.

But, at his roughest, quite as much as at his best, from the Chinese standpoint he is unique by reason of his present role in China. It is upon him, whatever he is like, that the Muse of History must meditate. And with the infinite variety of little circumstances, intonations and undertones, and too often with a blatancy that has no intonations or undertones, one watches the difficult process of mutual Chinese-American adjustments work out. It is a different process—almost totally different—from a mere United States visitor or resident in China and mere Chinese visitor or resident in the United States. The right of the American soldier in China is in a totally different category. He feels this and often is too assertive and irresponsible in it.

But its basis is his American sense of full liberty, of candid comment, whether of the governmental administration of the social structure or the exchange rate or the quality of pig fat.

He is used to thinking as he pleases and saying what he thinks, about friends or foes. He is used to wanting a good deal and expecting to get a good deal of what he wants; he is used by now to plenty of governmental concern about him, but mighty little governmental interference with him by police or politics; he has by tradition a great deference for genuine learning and expects it to function as well as merely to exist, and has only contempt and indifference for shibboleths and catch-phrases and ready-made hand-me-downs or governmental or party or religious phrase-purveyors, pushing all that aside with the epithets "boloney" and "bushiva." His instinct for the phoney in administration or exhortation is always active and usually unerring; he wants any man or any country lined up with him to have the same acumen for the true and the false, the authentic and the merely pretentious, and can't make himself comfortable in company or surroundings that pretend otherwise and flout sense with swarms of words that fly in the face of facts or conditions he clearly sees. He is careless about "face" and emphatic about facts. In Whitman's phrase (though he may not have read Whitman) "he knows no sweeter fat than sticks to his own bones," and he also adheres to Whitman's injunction, "And I say to any man or woman, let your soul stand cool and composed before a million universes."

He has his own shrewdness and, long before many men of higher station and schooling in all the countries, he sensed the sycophancies that go with the brutalities, and the brutalities that go with the sycophancies, of any police state; and in face of Fascist-Nazi-Nippy bounce and bluster he had early made up his mind he wasn't having any on his plate, thank you; and he wasn't fooled as some of his "bettters" were by a certain gangster-like efficiency they showed. It didn't in the least fool him and blind him to the fact that it is gangsterism for all its panoply of nationalism and so carried inside itself the seeds of futility and bankruptcy, the corrosive of its own dissolution. He had seen it tried, this efficiency, without morals, in political machines and predatory rackets and he knew it for what it is when it parades elsewhere as nationalism. He hasn't either respect or fear for that kind of efficiency and he isn't fooled by it even when it is most bumptious and

has most power, just at first and for a little while. He doesn't believe there is virtue in any compromise with that kind of thing. He believes there is as much need of intolerance and invective as in compromise and soft speaking. He can see that merits such as compromise when overdeveloped become vices, and the dictators and their police regimes have taught him when compromise becomes a vice. They run up against his chief mistrust, the distrust of shams and shoddies, ramshackles and flimsies, grimorackeries whether in abstract thought or active policy.

These are "symptoms of temperament" in his national makeup, bred deep, that require many generations really to be established in any national blood and fibre. He carries them with him wherever he goes, here in China, over in Europe and Africa, home in North America, out over all the seas. Wherever he is, and so it is with him in China, he wants to get his job done and get home as soon as he can and then he'll take time off to do quite a bit of thinking about China now and then and check up on his own sense of the facts by reading the newspaper correspondents' reporting work from China in the years to come. He'll soon be on his way to uttering himself in his home locality with the profundity of an oracle on China, "giving it straight" to his cronies and his lodge and his local editor as a fellow who has been in China himself, "in the war, you know," and seen for himself and keeps himself posted on what's going on. It will all be the near and the real for him, not the far and the strange as for his neighbors, and in general he'll have a lot to do in affecting Chinese-American relations all the rest of his life.

In that future time of China's growing democracy we may confidently expect him to be a patient believer in China's evolution. Fumbling and errors will be to him only growing pains. He may not read Swinburne any more than he reads Whitman. But he will have Swinburne's sure instinct for the right direction of attempts and programs. Knowing the long history of thwarted human idealisms, the desperation of entrenched preventive circumstances in old tradition, he will apply the homely reminder. "You can't make omelettes without breaking eggs" or Swinburne's verdict upon excesses in the democratic attempt:

Sinned hast thou sometime,
Therefore art thou sinless;
Stained hast thou been, who
Art therefore without stain.

That is a great declaration, throwing human history, human progress into

perspective—retrospective and perspective. It will be the enduring sentiment of the American soldier in China, even though Swinburne's language is much too elaborate for him. —THE END

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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

Book Reviews



Edited by BOYD SINCLAIR

SWEENEY SQUADRON. By Donald Plantz. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, July 1961. \$3.95.

A novel of World War II set in the Pacific in which a commanding officer turns a badly integrated fighter squadron into a colorful, crack fighting team. Airborne action climaxed by bloody victory.

1,600 YEARS UNDER THE SEA. By Ted Falcon-Barker. David McKay Company, New York, May 1961. \$4.50.

This is an account of a skin-diving expedition by archaeologists to the Greek city of Epidavros under the Adriatic Sea off the Dalmatian coast. Twenty-five photographs.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD. By Netanel Lorch. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, June 1961. \$7.95.

A thorough, long, tersely-phrased, and very well organized account of the making and functioning of Israel's modern citizen army in the war that followed the U. N.'s partition of Palestine in 1947.

CHINA IN THE MORNING. By Nicholas Wollaston. Roy Publishers, New York, May 1961. \$5.95.

Impressions of a two-month journey through Red China, Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, looking at contrasting standards of living, progress, and attitudes in Communist and non-Communist areas.

PASSPORTS AT SEVENTY. By Ethel Smith. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, May 1961. \$3.95.

This book convinces you that the way to see the world is by freighter. Besides, it contains penetrating wisdom about the rewards which leisurely travel can bring to elderly people. The author is over 70.

THE ARM OF FLESH. By James Salter. Harper and Brothers, New York, April 1961. \$3.50.

A novel revolving around the actions and thinking of a squadron of fighter pilots, their families and their friends in Germany after World War II.

THE HUNDRED THOUSAND SONGS. Edited by Antoinette Gordon. C. E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, May 1961. \$3.50.

Poems of the solitary life and wisdom of Milarepa, Eleventh Century poet-saint of Tibet. The editor, an authority on the iconography and religious art of Lamaism, is also the translator.

WALKABOUT. By James Marshall. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, July 1961. \$2.50.

In this short, simply told novel two American children survive a plane crash in the Australian desert and make their way to safety with the help of an aborigine boy who teaches survival in the wilds.

BLACK JACK PERSHING. By Richard O'Connor. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, May 1961. \$4.95.

A biography of the commander of America's expeditionary forces in World War I. It includes information contained in the Pershing papers in the manuscript division of the Library of Congress.

PROJECT VANGUARD. By Kurt Stebling. Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York, April 1961. \$4.50.

A tense, candid expose of the successes and failures of Project Vanguard by the head of the Navy Propulsion Group. He describes the pressure on the Vanguard team after Sputnik I.

MRS. MA'S CHINESE COOKBOOK. By Ma Po-ch'ang. C. E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, April 1961. \$4.95.

The general principles of cooking and serving Chinese food, followed by many recipes. This book was first published in Japanese. This English edition was translated by the author.

LAND OF THE LOTUS EATERS. By Norman Bartlett. Roy Publishers, New York, March 1961. \$5.50.

The author, who was press attache to the Australian Embassy in Bangkok, writes a report of his impressions, experiences, and encounters in modern Thailand.

BURNT OFFERING. By Daniel Spicehandler. The Macmillan Company, New York, May 1961. \$3.95.

A novel of the Israeli-Arab war of 1948. Their efforts to destroy an Arab-held monastery on the road to Jerusalem has different meanings for three young men of different backgrounds. Tension and bloodshed.



FARMER plowing in Assam, using a wooden plow in the hard ground. Photo by Louis W. Gwin.

Buffalo Basha

• Have been reelected as commander of the Buffalo Basha, and Julian Kotarski has been reelected as adjutant and finance officer. New officers are Joe Szallar, senior vice commander; John Seal, judge advocate; and Loris (Duke) Durfee, provost marshal. The basha has had a good year so far and is working hard on '62 reunion which will be held here in Buffalo. Keep up the fine work on your magazine. How about a story on search and rescue operations? I was with the 1352 S & R at Mohanbari.

LOREN R. DURFEE,
Buffalo, N. Y.

How About Quemoy?

• A little book that has just come to my attention, titled "Who Will Volunteer," tells an inspiring story about Quemoy, the island that is shelled on alternate days from the Communist mainland. Certainly no American who reads this book will support, or even tolerate, diplomatic recognition of the Chinese Communist regime. Copies of the book are available at \$2 each from The Bookmailer Inc., Box 101, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

CHARLES MARTLE,
New York City, N. Y.

Greatest Reunion Yet

• Attended the San Francisco executive board meeting. San Francisco is no doubt one of the most beautiful cities in America, the people as hospitable as ever I've met. Ray Kirkpatrick is doing a sensational job as reunion chairman, and this should be one of the greatest reunions yet.

PHIL PACKARD,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Burma Campaign

• Have been one of your subscribers for a number of years and enjoy your magazine. Was with the 42nd Port. Surg. Hospital through the Burma campaign; as a second lieutenant with the 371st Station Hospital at Ramgarh, and also later at Kanchrapara.

JOS. PIETRUSINSKI,
Chicago, Ill.

Happy Trip

• Was with the 37th QM Pack Troop and the Mars Task Force. We went overseas on the John J. Chittenton with 220 head of mules and 75,000 cases of beer. It took us 61 days to get to Calcutta, where the CID, MPs and SPs were waiting for us as we had drunk up 1,400 cases of the beer going over. General Cheeves said we weren't fit to represent the fighting men in Burma. I agree! I think your magazine is great and so does my wife. I would like to hear from anybody I served with. We came back on the M.M. Patrick.

ERKIE JOHNSTON,
615 Commercial,
Raymond, Wash.



BAND at Rest Camp 3, Subathu, India, during the summer of 1944. Leader of the group was George Rockefellow, at piano. Photo by Robert E. Moore.



FUNERAL PROCESSION moves slowly along street at Kunming, China. Mourners are at right. U. S. Army photo from Wilbur McAlister.

Thanks to Gordon

• My thanks to Clarence Gordon for his dedicated effort on behalf of CBIers to keep them as one happy, united family. It's nice to know that he has so well merchandised Indian items that it requires his full time.

LeROY W. HASSE,
Joliet, Ill.

Served in India

• Found out about your magazine from a friend and sure wish I would have known about it sooner. I was at New Delhi, India, with the 3147th Signal Service Company. I hope to read of the whereabouts of a few of the fellows I knew while in CBI.

EARL F. SKRAMSTAD,
St. Peter, Minn.

Yenan Observer Group

• Enjoy every issue of your wonderful magazine; it brings back memories. I was with the 3198th and 3102nd Sig. Serv. Battalions and was stationed at Kunming, Yenan (Communist government capital) and Shanghai. I spent most of my time in Communist China as transmitter repair man for the lonely outpost known as "Y.O.G." (Yenan Observer Group). Here we carried on a battalion job with only 45 men. I was there 13 months. On March 11 of this year I was in a serious auto accident and got broken up. I will not walk again for many months. I would like to hear from any old buddies from 3102 or 3198.

MOLAND L. BRELAND,
Marion, Ala.

Something of Interest

• Roundup itself needs no suggestions as far as I am concerned. I think the variety is excellent and am sure any CBIer can find something of particular interest to him. Here's my vote for a job well done.

WALLACE A. FRANZ,
Arlington, Calif.

Grand Fellows of CBI

• Keep up the good work of keeping our "family" with "no mamma, no papa, no sister, no brother" of ex-CBIers together. I hope the day is a long way off when our ranks will be too thin for it to be possible to continue our Roundup. I often wonder what happened to some of the grand fellows I knew in CBI, particularly Chemical NCO Jim Thayer from Toledo. We trained together in this country and after awhile in Asensol we split up, and I think he went to either Delhi or Agra with a service group. Sure would enjoy hearing from him.

ART MEYER,
2635 White Bear Ave.,
North St. Paul, Minn.



MEMBERS OF 434th Bomb Squadron, 12th Bomb Group, enjoy a party at Comilla, India, in October 1944 honoring pilots and crew members about to leave for home after completing approximately 50 missions. Most of these men had seen action in Italy before coming to India, and many had also served in Egypt and North Africa. Photo by George T. Swain, Jr.

Commander's Message

by

Manly V. Keith

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Sahibs and Memsaibs:

Six of the CBIVA National Board Members met in San Francisco May 13 for the Spring Board Meeting, and as usual, it was another Reunion in miniature. I want to express my sincere thanks to our devoted and talented Past National Commanders Harold Kretchmar, John Dawson and Phil Packard; to our hard-working Jr. Vice Commander Ray Kirkpatrick; and our beloved Chaplain, Father Glavin, for giving so freely of their time and wisdom at this meeting. These wonderful people you can **always** count on, and I also want to thank the many others who expressed their views by letters, wires and 'phone calls on CBIVA matters to be discussed by the Board. These messages were carefully considered—and a course of action was decided on in each case. To me, these Board Meetings are the means of streamlining the Business Sessions held during our National Reunions so that all of us can spend more time having fun.

The San Franciscans entertained us royally before and after the Board Meeting. They must really be Texans at heart, because they sure knew how to make yours truly feel at home. The Friday night affair at Fisherman's Wharf was wonderful, and the trip back to the hotel via cable car was a barrel of fun. I hate to admit it, but California waters produce crabs about four times bigger than those the Houston Reunionists enjoyed at our San Jacinto Inn here. In fact I had a hard

time getting just one under my belt—and (next to Hal Kretchmar) I'm considered a pretty fair fork-wielder. Of course Saturday night was the "Big Affair" at picturesque Shanghai Low, a very fine Chinese restaurant in Chinatown. We were privileged to meet 62 San Francisco Basha members and their wives and guests who came to make us welcome. I must mention one Wallah who attended, Sahib Robert Rowe, presently of Castle Air Force Base, who should be the recipient of some sort of Merit Award for a couple of reasons. This guy not only attends the meetings of two Bashas (General Jos. Stillwell Basha and General George Sliney Basha) but he undoubtedly holds the record for distance travelled to attend a Basha Meeting. It seems he boarded a C-124 in Tu'u, Greenland to make a Basha meeting in Washington, D. C., and returned the following day. Can anyone top this one?

This is the Last Call now, for making your hotel reservations for the Reunion August 9-12 in San Francisco. The Sheraton-Palace has agreed to confirm reservations received before July 26, and will hold your room until 6 PM on the date you request, unless you indicate a later arrival. If you are delayed on route, I suggest you wire or 'phone the hotel to notify them of your late arrival so that your reservations will not be cancelled entirely. Basha Commanders and National Officers have been sent a supply of the hotel reservation cards for distribution, however a letter addressed to the Reservation Office, Sheraton-Palace, San Francisco 19 will do as well.

In closing, since this message is part of my Swan Song, I want you to know that I deeply appreciate the privilege of serving as National Commander of CBIVA this past wonderful year. I am grateful for the wholehearted support of the entire membership, and the many warm personal messages received from you all. Special thanks I offer to the genial publisher of this wonderful magazine "Roundup," not only for contributing the space for each month's Commanders Message without charge to CBIVA, but also providing all of us EX-CBI Wallahs a bit of a magic carpet to transport us back a few years to some time-mellowed memories. Last, but certainly not least, Mrs. Frances Runk, (the lovely "Miss Kitty") has my undying gratitude for her most efficient handling of a literal mountain of my correspondence. Thanks again to all of you.

See you in San Francisco!

Salaams,
MANLY V. KEITH,
National Commander
4143 Wynona St.,
Houston, Texas

More Jorhat Names

• Would like to see more names from Jorhat APO 466.

BOB WARD,
Schwenksville, Pa.

Getting Older?

• Whether we admit it or not we are all a good deal older than we were when in CBI . . . and a good deal more sentimental about "our part of the war." And, if the head-shrinkers know what they are talking about, more inclined to forget the bad and remember the high old times we had in the Great Eastern Hotel, or even the Grand Hotel, in Calcutta, or even the nights we ate those quail-size fried chickens at Sum Chow's along with some prawns as big as mule shoes.

COL. JOHN M. VIRDEN
Washington, D. C.



SNAKE CHARMER at Calcutta in 1945, surrounded by the usual audience. Photo by Wesley Furste, M.D.

Job Well Done

• Yes, Clarence R. Gordon is certainly "Mr. CBI." He has done more than any other person to bring CBIers together in a vast fellowship, and to keep up their interest in things CBI over the years since World War II. I recall the struggle he had getting Ex-CBI Roundup started, and certainly want to congratulate him for staying with it when the going was rough during those early days. He has done a marvelous job and deserves the congratulations of all.

WAYNE R. SMITH,
Omaha, Neb.

CBIers Stick Together

• Occasionally someone asks why it is that CBIers stick together, after all these years, unlike the veterans of other theaters. That's easy: Ex-CBI Roundup. Your magazine has done a wonderful job; without it there would be no way of keeping these interests alive. The credit, of course, must go to Clarence Gordon, who founded the magazine and built it up throughout the years. I certainly agree with your comment that he is "Mr. CBI."

ARTHUR WHITEN,
Phoenix, Ariz.

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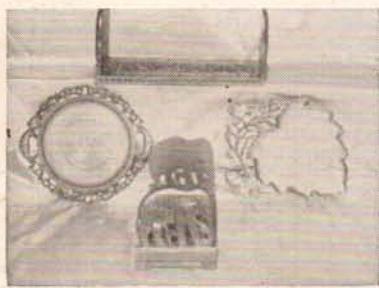


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